

No 4448.547





IN MEMORY
OF
THOMAS STARR KING:

A DISCOURSE

GIVEN TO HIS FLOCK IN SAN FRANCISCO,

SUNDAY MORNING AND EVENING.

MAY 1, 1864.

BY

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

SAN FRANCISCO:

FRANK EASTMAN, PRINTER, 415 WASHINGTON STREET.

1864.

*Boston:
Walker, Wise & Co.
-45 Wash. St*

IN MEMORY

OF

THOMAS STARR KING:

A DISCOURSE

GIVEN TO HIS FLOCK IN SAN FRANCISCO,

SUNDAY MORNING AND EVENING,

MAY 1, 1864,

By HENRY W. BELLOWS.



SAN FRANCISCO:
FRANK EASTMAN, PRINTER, 43 WASHINGTON STREET.
1864.

3. 66-2.4

102-570

YIARGL 01609

INT 70

MOTSON 70/70

DISCOURSE.

1. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD ; I SHALL NOT WANT.

6. SURELY, GOODNESS AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE ; AND I WILL DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOREVER.—Psalm xxiii : 1—6.

THESE cheerful, tender words of the Psalmist, which have received a new beauty and significance in passing over the dying lips of him whose vacant place I tremblingly occupy to-day, present themselves as the natural and appropriate theme of our first meditation in this house of the Lord, bereft of its earthly pastor, but still safe in the fold and beneath the crook of the Eternal Shepherd. If the mute tongue whose silver has melted into silence could break the spell that binds it, we should hear it again triumphantly taking up in this congregation and in its behalf, the words with which it chanted its own victory over death,—“The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.” High above all the decays of time and the vicissitudes of this changeful world, lives the Eternal Father of our spirits; the Providence of our daily lives, the orderer of all events, the planner and executor of his infinitely wise and kind designs. Thought cannot conceive, much less can words describe, the sublime beauty, the boundless goodness of his grand purposes towards his earthly children. He never willingly afflicts or grieves them. His chastisements are the faithful wounds of a friend. He disappoints, only the more perfectly to fulfil. Mysterious in his ways, his ends are always plain,—the sanctification and

blessedness of his creatures. Whoever else fails us, he never abandons his offspring. "When father and mother forsake me, then the Lord taketh me up." While this Eternal Shepherd lives, how can the flock lack pasture! Drought may dry up all the tender grass below, snow bury the mountain paths that lead to the upper pastures, the under shepherd may fall a victim to the efforts he makes to supply the needs of the timid, trusting flock, wolves may hang upon its flanks and dogs begin to tear its lambs; but, at the very moment when famine and death seem inevitable, "the Lord prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;" a spring in the wilderness has saved one oasis of verdure, a sheltering ledge has protected one way of escape from snows and beasts; and the wiser sheep that had faith to whisper in the darkest hour, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," now, in their reassured confidence, add — "yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me,—thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

If there be a Christian flock on the face of the earth that has reason to take up this song of trusting faith, it is this one. "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." "Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Less than a single generation ago, the very sites of your homes and your temple were divided by unexplored oceans and trackless deserts from the access of civilized men. A broad continent lay between you and the Christian civilization of the land, while half a quarter of the globe interposed its huge bulk between the longitude you now occupy and that from which you came. Here, to a strand known only to the adventurous whalemén or the wild trapper, you came at the call of that enterprise which never fails to fire American blood; came across the dreary plains, suffocated with the dust of the desert, or frozen in the snows of the mountains, haggard with exposure and hunger, bringing your fortunes in your confident hearts and bold hands; came, through the

cholera and the fevers of the wretched ships that crowded you together in herds to which the very stalls of your fathers' cattle were luxurious quarters; came across that fatal Isthmus, rife with misery and death,—now poling up the swift and treacherous Chagres, now sleeping amidst robbers on its malarious banks, now striding the patient mule, as he planted his feet in the deep, rocky holes that plashed their muddy water at every step into the rider's face; came in the rickety row boats of Panama, and by the worn out, dangerous steamers that brought the first pioneers to this El Dorado. And came to what? To tents of canvas, and houses of mud; to lawless, vagrant men, among whom woman, the great civilizer, had dared hardly to show her gentle face; where vigor and recklessness had planted their feet at one moment, and adventure struck hands with violence; where the more moveable and enterprising, but also the more desperate and dangerous men of all nations had suddenly precipitated themselves under the maddening attractions of gold, bringing the more maddening fascinations of drink with them. I do not forget how many of the noble minded, the splendidly endowed with energies of body and soul—men too generous in their build to move freely in the more narrow waters of our embayed civilization at home, early sought this coast. Its affluent soil, teeming with hidden wealth below and with gigantic growths above, seemed to have power to win as by a mystic attraction from all communities, the large and generous natures, fitted to match with a population of prodigious vigor and munificence its lavish resources. The tares it is true were as rank as the wheat was heavy. For, alas! generosity and prodigality, largeness of heart and looseness of life, the enterprise that works miracles and the recklessness that achieves ruin, the courage that defies the savage, the wilderness and all rivals, and the audacity that spurns conscience and God, are often found in near neighborhood,—good fellowship only one step removed from dissipation, and lawful commercial risk occupying the ground-floor with gambling established in the story above. Consid-

ering the nature and the suddenness of the causes which converted, in the shortest time known to history, this region into a populous community,—considering that the hope of immediate wealth dug out of the ground attracted the earlier and more decisive portion of the founders of this State and city to this soil,—that the vast distance to be overcome and the early sacrifices to be borne, repelled the prudent, the experienced in years, or those who had succeeded elsewhere, and almost forbade the transference of family life,—I know nothing in the records of society so astonishing as the wisdom and foresight which marked the conduct of the first settlers; the rapidity with which so mixed and so volcanic elements accepted the self-imposed restraints of law and order,—banished violence and turbulence, though by violent and turbulent means,—the very offenders against good morals legislating with a sublime impartiality for the suppression of their own offences,—gamblers voting down gambling-houses, and drunkards levying taxes on their own depraved appetites. Never before was the whirlwind of adventure harnessed to the chariot of Christian civilization. The lust of gold and the appetite for change which had projected thousands upon this virgin shore, did not convert the population so suddenly and violently dropped on the soil, into mere vessels of destruction. Explosive as their landing was, their contents energetic and fiery, they brought safe and sound in their hearts the incombustible and indestructible elements of American liberty, American reverence for education and religious and civil institutions. And so, before canvas ceilings had given way to wooden roofs, before the sands had ceased to blow into your front doors or the rain to penetrate to your beds, long before the first planks that made your original streets had worn out, you sought and found religious teachers, established schools, and laid, coeval with your very existence, the solid foundations of those institutions of law and charity, of letters and religion, without which collections of men are only mobs, and wealth and possessions sources only of peril and corruption.

But it is not into the general history of this young and wonderful community that I can now venture to go. I intended only to refer to the beginning and history of this religious society, so nearly coeval with the beginning and history of San Francisco itself. How well I remember the first articulations of this infant society! With what curiosity and interest its lisplings for sympathy and care were heard at home, and with what uncertainty of results the elders there in our Unitarian faith brought themselves to counsel the venture among you of one of our most promising men,—no novice or experimenter, but already a tried and valued workman in the Lord's vineyard. Some of you still treasure the memory of that earliest* apostle of liberal Christianity in these courts, the Rev. JOSEPH T. HARRINGTON, and recall the sturdy manhood, the graceful, measured dignity, the genial tones, the serious purpose, the winning ways of that too short and precious ministry among you. The Lord was your shepherd, when he sent that able, single-hearted minister of Christ, to inaugurate our cause in this place and lay out the pattern of your future. The spirit he possessed, the high hopes he formed, the taste of godliness and power and of a sound mind, he left in those who gathered around him, made the original type of this Society one of singular vigor and worth. A smaller, a less genial, a less dignified and gifted man would have failed to rally the generous merchants, the earnest, leading men of the city to the enterprise. As it was, many to whom our faith was wholly new, felt in his presence and teachings their first attraction to Christian truth, while those who had brought their devotion to liberal Christianity from home, only more dear because so distant and so little likely often to be revisited, clung closely to so worthy a rearer of the standard of their beloved faith. The mysterious decree that so soon smote your first minister, in the plenitude of his power, and gave this church its first early widowhood, terri-

* The Rev. Charles Farley had preached a short time before Mr. Harrington came out.

ble and disastrous as it seemed, had no power to daunt your hearts, or to ruin a cause only the more sacred for its martyrs. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work." The great shepherd takes away the herdsmen, but protects the flock; and soon another and a tender and consoling voice, took up the same blessed gospel which had not died with the breath of the eloquent and ever to be lamented HARRINGTON.

Many of those who may not remember the first minister of this flock will recall his successor, the Rev. Mr. GRAY, so long known in Boston as the friend of children, and Dr. TUCKERMAN'S associate in the ministry at large to the poor. Born in affluence and married to competency, reared as a merchant and acquainted with the world and its ways, the constitutional fervor and spiritual sympathies of Mr. GRAY carried him irresistibly into the ministry and into its most laborious, and, to many, its least attractive field. He gathered the children of the poor together and won them to habits of self-control and paths of virtue and piety, by the fascination of his beaming smile and the magic of his melting voice. He lighted up the hovels of Broad street and Ann street, and the filthy alleys of the more foreign population of his native city, with his luminous countenance, radiant of good will, and inspiring universal confidence. Like the apostle John, he could say, "Little children, love one another" in a way to do the work of a whole sermon. With tears in his eyes, while smiles played about his lips, he pleaded with the young and tempted, who felt the pathetic sincerity of his interest in them, until love for him changed into love for God and duty. This well known apostle to the poor and the young, whom Boston had come to think an essential part of her own social and religious being, your society succeeded in transplanting to this distant field of labor. No one could less resemble his forerunner, distinguished for massive sense, high culture, and logical appeal, and dealing little in the emotional or the passionate element of religious experience. Mr. GRAY was preëminently a preacher from the heart; his wisdom was thoroughly unbookish. He bathed the common-places and simplicities

of truth in tones that made them shine, as the pebbles of the beach, when polished with the lustre of the ocean wave, that finds them common stones and leaves them jewels. It was not what he said, but how he said it, the feeling, the affection, the sensibility that trembled in his voice and glistened in his eye, that gave him his singular and mysterious power. Many who might have missed some tropical heat and luxuriance in the temperate and guarded rationality of HARRINGTON, found a volcanic power in GRAY's fervid nature and glowing heart, which supplied all the attractions of Methodism, without involving its creed.

I am not well enough acquainted with the details of Mr. GRAY's ministry to speak of his work among you with proper discrimination; but I knew the man so well that I can surmise what it must have been. I should be much surprised not to discover the foot-prints of his peculiar influence still impressed on many hearts in this congregation; and I can well conceive that those to whom he brought their first warm impressions of liberal Christianity and Religion itself, must remember him as quite unequalled in his personal influence. I have always supposed, too, that the prominence and prosperity which have so honorably distinguished your Sunday School, must be originally due to the extraordinary interest Mr. GRAY took in children, and the fine facility he had for winning and holding fast their attention. However that may be, it cannot be denied that the Lord, our Great Shepherd, gave this flock, in its two first ministers, men of the rarest and most dissimilar excellences, complements of each other; and, in both cases, sealed up the precious essence of their influence among you, with the sacred seal of death. You had the last, ripe days of our noble, vigorous HARRINGTON; you had the warm and glowing sunset of our sainted GRAY. They left the fragrance of their exhaling lives with you; and their influence, their graces and virtues, with their memories, are embalmed in the faithful and grateful recollections of this people, and doubtless are traceable in the nobler, purer, gentler character and career of numerous families and indi-

viduals shaped or guided and blessed by their example and teachings.

Of those still living, who have ministered for longer or shorter seasons among you, it is not permitted me to speak,—much as I should find in their labors to remember with gratitude, and to illustrate the faithfulness of the Lord your Shepherd, who has never suffered you to lack for food and pasture in your distant and difficult position. It would, however, be unpardonable not to say one respectful word of the seven years' ministry of Rev. Mr. CUTLER, who, by his unflinching fidelity to Unitarian opinions, his polemical ability and zeal, his practical acquaintance with men and things, and his warm attachment to this field of labor, gave so much substantial prosperity to our cause and put you into a position, on his departure, to demand the best the North could furnish, to supply his place.

And now, the Lord your Shepherd was preparing the highest token of his tender care for this privileged and ever-cherished portion of his common flock.

On my voyage out I had the first opportunity my crowded life has afforded me, to look over the precious file of letters, received through many years, from my dear, departed friend, whose ashes sanctify the foundations of this temple, whose memory and whose spirit inhabit and possess these monumental walls. They carry me back to September, 1847, when a slender, boyish stranger called at my door in New York, and introduced himself to me, without circumlocution or mediator, under the then unsuggestive name of THOMAS STARR KING. It was not unusual for young theological students and unfledged ministers to seek my acquaintance in this manner, as I had occupied for a few years a somewhat isolated position, as a liberal Christian preacher in the metropolis of the land. But there was a mingled confidence and modesty, a consciousness of power, veiled in a self-respectful humility of deportment, which almost at once engaged my special interest and awakened a peculiar curiosity. He announced himself a Universalist minister, who had no

acquaintance with our clergy, settled though he was within the sound of their Sabbath bells, at Charlestown, Mass. I persuaded him, against all my ordinary rules and precautions, to remain in New York over the approaching Sunday, and preach for me at least half a day. He was very reluctant to encounter a cultivated Unitarian congregation, and nothing but the most resolute persuasion at length overcame his scruples. I confess I looked forward with anxiety, and yet with lively expectation, to his effort. The evening came, and we ascended the pulpit together. He conducted all the exercises, and with such perfect self-possession, earnestness and eloquence, that in a very few moments I discovered that in place of a novice, a promising young minister, we had a finished thinker, scholar, and master, in those youthful proportions, at the altar of God. A universal surprise and admiration filled the congregation. Who was this boyish Chrysostom, whose vigorous thoughts rang in such minted tones through our aisles? In what Unitarian church was he settled? When did he graduate at Harvard? When leave the Theological School at Cambridge? Which, among the familiar names of our rising, Eastern clergy, belonged to him? His name was KING — THOMAS STARR KING. He was no Unitarian minister at all; he had never been through any College — much less Harvard, — never enjoyed the advantages of any theological school, — was unknown to our clergy, or people! Imagine the wonder at this strange record of obscurity with the vivid contrast of the sudden, brilliant, decisive impression left by his performance! Dr. DEWEY, then, after Dr. CHANNING's recent death, the most justly distinguished of all our ministers, and occupying the most important post as pastor of the Church of the Messiah, in New York, had just resigned on account of his health, leaving his pulpit vacant. I persuaded the trustees to invite Mr. KING to supply their pulpit for two Sundays — which he did, to the continued delight and wonder of all the congregation. The question of asking him to succeed Dr. DEWEY, — the most difficult and the most audacious undertaking that could have

been proposed to any young man, (and which your present position in reference to his own successor will enable you fully to appreciate) was immediately raised; and had it been left to the spontaneous voice of the congregation, it would have been at once decided affirmatively. But the trustees, experienced and wise men, thought it their duty to inquire into Mr. King's antecedents. They could learn nothing about him from the ministerial elders, the wise men from the East, to whom they were accustomed to defer. They could find his name in no college catalogue and on the roster of no theological school, and in no list of our Unitarian clergy. I agreed to become sponsor for the soundness of his creed, the worth of his character, and the success of his ministry; and warned them how they sacrificed the substance to the show of things,—how they denied the lustre, purity, and value of the diamond that had fallen at their feet, because they had not first seen it at the jeweller's window, or found it labelled at its price in some satin and morocco case. But less bold counsels prevailed. The trustees, half afraid to balk the people's wishes, and half afraid to take the responsibility of so unusual a course as calling to the first Unitarian pulpit in America a man who had not in his pocket the parchment of Harvard College and the letters patent of a Unitarian council or a theological school, a young man unknown to fame and only twenty-two years old, wrote him a letter, in which, after expressing their admiration at his abilities and their high idea of his character, they recommended him to enter the theological school at Cambridge for a year, at the end of which time, they promised themselves the pleasure of hearing him again, and probably asking him to become their permanent pastor. Mr. King's self-reliant and self-respectful spirit rose against this conditioning; and the venerable president of the board, with tears in his eyes, told me only a few days before I left New York, of the manly and dignified letter in which your minister that was to be, declined wholly any overtures from a parish that was not inclined to take him as he was, and for what he was. He knew too well how

large an offset to all the usual advantages of schools and colleges, had been the burning thirst of his own private studies, the eager pursuit of knowledge under difficulties! His zeal and aptness for learning, his mercurial alertness of intellect and winged imagination, had carried him, at a bound, over roads slowly plodded by the heavy feet of men clogged with easy resources, pushed reluctantly forward by parents more ambitious for their scholarship than they themselves. The world had been this young man's college; difficulty and hardship, self-denial, early responsibility, his theological teachers. A father's excellent example, a mother's noble devotion, narrow circumstances and large exactions, — a spirit eager and aspiring, gentle and strong, had need of no better masters. And when that worthy father died, and bequeathed a mother and sisters to the young man's care, who had not yet seen his way clear to providing for his own ordinary education, you can imagine the prodigious pressure brought to bear upon his faculties. If the springs of his being had not been all made of woven light, and hung in the beaten oil of acquiescence, he would have sunk at once under the crushing weight of his burdens. But his aspiring, cheerful, trusting spirit rose with the occasion. He did not forsake his studies, his literary ambition, and his ministerial aspirations, because practical household cares and the necessities of a family were thus thrown upon his already loaded back. He merely resolved to make his studies, his scholarship, his literary and ministerial career, the means by which to sustain his new responsibility; to hew a way to practical success through the very rock that blocked his road. His was the spirit to tunnel the mountain, rather than crook a hair his chosen direction. He would be a scholar in spite of colleges, a theologian in spite of theological schools, a literary man without any of the usual entrances to the guild, a minister in the most cultivated and exacting field of pulpit success, and a man with means to meet his love of books and art, his numerous private obligations, his naturally expensive tastes and his large charities, even though it cost him all his days and

all his nights, aye, and his life, too, to achieve the end he had deliberately proposed to himself. I know nothing in the whole history of spiritual knight-errantry more chivalric than the fearful odds against which this young Bayard, unknown and unseconded, rode into the lists and pointed his lance against all comers. David with his sling, — the noble, kingly, shepherd-boy, — did not essay a bolder task, when he encountered Goliath. One cannot fail to recall the heroic example of Sir Walter Scott, when, against the vast pecuniary responsibilities in which, by the failure of the Ballantynes, he had innocently become involved, he seized his pen, as the assailed and hunted soldier, attacked in flank and rear, seizes his sword, and with desperate resolution, faced his foes with that little weapon, more pointed and more flaming than the sword, and by two years of herculean exertion, in which he coined his very brain into immortal romances and histories, paid his debts, emancipated his homestead, saved his honor, and sacrificed his life.

It was in this temper, and with this, the confidence of genius, that young KING encountered all the disadvantages of his irregular and defective opportunities, over-mastered the obstacles of his position, and sustained such burdens as must either make or mar forever a young man's fortunes. They were predestined only to develope and discover the hidden strength and grace of this gifted man.

When Mr. KING left New York, after his short and memorable visit in 1847, I gave him letters to some of my ministerial friends in Boston, telling them what a jewel they had hanging in obscurity at the other end of Charlestown bridge, and counseling them to rub their spectacles and see if they could not discover the gem they had thus far overlooked. Pardon my recounting, with some complacency, my own humble part in Mr. KING's introduction and essential transfer to our denomination. He never forgot it, and, in his generous way, always made far more of it than it deserved, being never weary of returning to me four-fold the service he recognized in my early perception of his merits and

proper position. I think he had not been three months back at his post at Charlestown, before he was called unconditionally to the pulpit of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, at that time one of the most difficult of all the spheres to which he could have been transferred.

The parish had broken down under feuds and parties created by the vigorous ministry of the celebrated JOHN PIERPONT, who had made himself, in the stronghold of Boston distillers, the champion of temperance, to which he soon added, in its most unpopular era, the stigma of aggressive anti-slavery sentiments. It is difficult to over-rate the prejudices and animosities which a violent ecclesiastical law-suit had fomented in this church; in which minister after minister had tried his hand with unavailing struggles, and to which Mr. KING came as a forlorn hope. But he brought gifts, learning, rhetoric, courage and attractions equal to the occasion. The yawning emptiness of the great church, whose hollow walls had reverberated so long the disputes and enmities of its few remaining occupants, began to fill with new and fresh adherents of the accomplished and fascinating young minister. Still, the society, adding to itself daily such as should be saved, did not add many of the rich and influential, who had become too thoroughly alienated from the moral radicalism of Hollis street, to be won back by Mr. King's moderation. The pews filled, but the capacity of the people to afford their minister a support equal to his claims or his necessities was not commensurate with their number. Besides, talents and labors which would command five and twenty thousand dollars a year in the legal or medical professions, and twice as much in the mercantile, will not bring a fifth part of that sum in the clerical profession — a fact not to be complained of, since it is doubtless best for the church and

* He declined the first call, from self-distrust, aggravated by temporary illness; but after returning from a short voyage of eleven weeks to Fayal, much revived in health, he accepted, reluctantly, a second call — “surrendering,” as he used playfully to say, to one of the Committee, (Mr. HENRY FULLER,) who “locked him up, till he gave in.”

the world that money should have as little as possible to do with the motives which carry men into it, or keep them there.

Mr. KING, however, had double pecuniary burdens on his shoulders. He had near relatives in honorable poverty, dear to him as life, whom it was his duty and his privilege to support. He had married, and assumed the responsibilities of a family and a household, essential to his usefulness and dignity as a minister. His brilliant literary tastes soon discovered themselves in the pulpit, where his earlier sermons partook of the gravity of religious discourses and the elegance, taste, and brilliancy of modern reviews. Such a style, aided by such a voice and such an electric presence, could not be hid from those catering for the lecture-room in its most palmy New England days; and Mr. King, tempted in part by his pecuniary necessities, and, no doubt, lured on by his strong proclivities for the predestined field of his finest intellectual triumphs, soon found himself engaged for almost every vacant evening of the season, for the lyceums, first of New England, and then of the whole country. An extraordinary career he ran in the course of the ten years he was at Hollis street; first, as a steady and ever carefully prepared preacher, controversialist and active minister of Christ, wholly in the confidence and love of his brethren, a counsellor in every good local and municipal work of truth and charity,—not neglecting, in times of death, sickness and trouble, a most sympathising and affectionate pastoral work; next, as a public lecturer, careering through New England, the Middle States and the West, holding captive delighted and immense audiences four or five nights a week of perhaps six months of every year, until no one was more widely or favorably known than he, in that laborious and uncertain field. *BEECHER and CHAPIN were his only competitors. The first wielded a heavier moral bludgeon; and the last, with a physique like a lion and a heart as tender as a woman's, surpassed all men I

* The interest felt in our public characters, on the Pacific Coast, seemed to the writer to justify, at this distance, somewhat freer observations on living men than would be deemed in good taste if made at home.

ever heard in the power of verbal intensity, combined with thunderous majesty of voice. His bulky make and sonorous utterance seemed to sway his hearers as the moon its tides; and, happily, his moral instincts and humane sympathies always placed him on the side of right, in the van of social and moral improvement. Mr. KING looked up to him, as to an elder brother, and emulated his gifts and his public eloquence with the genuine and generous admiration which marked his appreciation of all that was fine and high among his peers. It was my painful duty, (looking about for some heart into which I could most readily pour the tide of my own bitter grief, on the day the sad news came of our dear friend's summons to higher places,) to communicate to Dr. CHAPIN the tidings of his death: and none who witnessed the deadly paleness, the unutterable anguish of that strong and tender soul, could fail to see how dear he was to his brother's heart. CHAPIN'S work in the lecture room, as in the pulpit, has been to clothe the best ideas of our time, diligently sought by him in all the most rare and piquant literature of England, France, and America, collected in one of the rarest and most costly libraries in our country, in a rhetoric sonorous as the sea and sparkling as its waves, and having bathed them in the great basin of his loving heart, to propel them through his grand lungs and volcanic throat, full of fire and air and light, upon the ear of the masses of our countrymen. He entered into no party controversies, and no moral reforms, as such, not being fitted like BEECHER to be a leader of men and a shaper of policies: but few have done as much to elevate, enlarge, and sweeten the judgments of this generation, or will carry to his grave — long may he be spared to us — a larger freight of gratitude and love. BEECHER, on the contrary, carried the practical questions of the day, always the most important and influential, with him into the lecture-room; and there, with his strong, earnest, and child-like nature, his quick and wide habits of observation, his shrewdness and rapid and close reading of men, his warm emotional spirit and his fine and well-preserved physique, —

above all, with his deep religious nature, free from cant and asceticism, his pure and delicate appreciation of nature in all her moods, with a courage which did not lack prudence, and a spirit of accommodation to times, places, and people, which make him a much wiser politician than people who have not carefully watched and weighed him are willing to think,—H. W. BEECHER has, perhaps, done more to convert the lecture-room of the United States into a pulpit, to create a great denomination of his own, merging the most opposite sects and classes into a community of sympathy and opinion, than any man in our time,—I might almost say, in any time.

Mr. KING came later into the field already occupied by these eminent and strong competitors. He was the admirer and the friend of both, and both repaid his affection and his esteem. He had the superior charm of youth and novelty, with a nature more varied, and more versatile faculties and endowments than either. A more exact and careful scholar, with a wider and a more solid reading, and a broader acquaintance with the history of human thought in all ages, he had a far more artistic and formative nature and genius. His thoughts ran into moulds of beauty; his fancy teemed with images of rare and striking character. Proportion, method, and culmination marked all his writings and lectures, which were full of intention, and had the base, the column and the capital of the Corinthian pillar in their conception and execution. Few knew what the subtle charm was that carried them away. But Mr. KING knew how to woo into sight thoughts swimming vaguely below the surface of men's minds, and felt only in the tumult they caused, and then to lure them into the transparent waters of his own clear soul, where they could be seen, even as the beautiful fishes of the Caribbean sea, a hundred feet below the ocean's brim, exhibit their gleaming scales and graceful proportions through the pellucid depths of that mild Mediterranean. He gave to the airy nothings in men's brains a local habitation and a name. No one has proved so faithful an interpreter to the masses, of the higher thought of our time, whether in science, poetry,

philosophy or religion. He was an inborn critic, with a knife so sharp no fineness of distinction could baffle its edge; and such was his skill in language, that no idea was so outré, new, or difficult, that he could not costume it so deftly and characteristically as to make it distinctly visible and forever recognizable by the dumbest comprehension. The titles of the earliest themes he carried into the lecture-room, "Substance and Show," "The Ideal and the Actual," "The Laws of Disorder"—in themselves unintelligible to the ordinary mind—became, after he had expounded them, forever associated with light and exaltation. All that twilight region between thought and feeling, matter and mind, the inward and the outward world—a region to which every man has in his very nature a key, rusted and unused, and with which he now and then, between sleeping and waking, fumbles curiously in the dark chamber of his soul at such places as by a gleam seem to give hope of a key-hole or an open door,—this region MR. KING made his own, and by the exquisite precision and shaping power of his mind, surveyed and laid it out in a way to make it, if not familiar, attractive and real to ordinary or average understandings. Thus, without surrendering to the new philosophies and scientific theories of the day, he understood and appreciated what was of general importance or popular interest in them. He accepted what was intelligible and stateable, and before any one else, interpreted into language, brilliant yet clear, unusual yet popular, the Transcendentalism of Germany, the obscure yet vigorous vaticinations of COLERIDGE and CARLYLE, and the mystic and fascinating oracles of EMERSON. Nor was he less interested in the new, scientific, and practical thought, than in the new philosophy and theology. Fond as he was of short excursions into dream-land, his chosen residence was on terra firma. The positive sciences, and especially in their more advanced attainments, had a prodigious charm for him; and no one had a heartier appreciation of OWEN and FARRADAY, of AGASSIZ and GRAY, or more carefully kept up with all the newest and rarest developements of scientific thought. This gave

him one of his finest advantages — his power of continually illustrating the newest philosophical thought by the newest scientific attainments. You might be sure to find, side by side, on his study table, the latest work on mental or moral philosophy, and the last book from the most advanced man of science ; and often before any body else competent to a popular interpretation of their meaning had read them, Mr. KING was using their results in some brilliant essay or lecture which flashed light and charm into the popular mind of New England. For to Mr. KING's great fondness for books and almost unexampled power of rapid reading, due to his concentrativeness of attention, his eagerness for knowledge, and the celerity with which he assimilated what was palatable and digestible for him, were added what so rarely accompanies such strong literary tastes — most active power of original observation, both of men and things, the keenest love and most intimate knowledge of nature, and the shrewdest study of persons and events. See him at the mountains or on the sea shore — and he was almost an equal lover of both — and you would take him for some enthusiastic devotee of scenery, or some rapt naturalist, who had spent his whole life in studying shells or mosses or algæ — or with whom the stars, the clouds, and the shadows were the only subjects of worthy meditation. He would lie for hours on his back, contemplating the constellations, or watching the shifting forms of the clouds, or sit upon a rock at Cape Ann, alone, or with his beloved friend, Dr. BARTOL or Dr. CHAPIN, and drink in the charm of the ocean lines, the long swell of the Atlantic, and the plunges of the surge as it broke high up on the rugged front of Pigeon Cove, until morning had waxed into noon, and noon had waned into evening. Who so alert, persevering, and indefatigable as he, in our New England Switzerland, which he made as completely his own as Sir Walter did the lochs and mountains of Scotland. The very guides learned secrets from him they did not know. He told the farmers on the skirts of the White Hills, what their whole lives had not enabled them to discover for themselves. The hotel-

keepers found him a better directory for their guests than all their printed guide-books, made up largely as they were of extracts from his letters to the Transcript; and among the choicest memories of those visiting the White Mountains, was that of having fallen in with their chief lover and their best historian. Summer after Summer, and at special seasons, sometimes in the Winter, he revisited this never-exhausted, though narrow field of mountain beauty, until, fully committed to his mind, he struck its portrait in the only elaborate and finished work he gave the public, "The White Hills," a book which is equally useful as a guide among the scenes it so minutely and faithfully describes, and as a poetic companion and substitute for travel and scenery for those who must journey by proxy, and see through eyes clearer and stronger than their own. His extraordinary talent for the description of natural scenery has been, if possible, improved by the splendid opportunities afforded him on your sublimely beautiful coast. Oh, how I have enjoyed his invisible society, in looking on the lovely ranges of volcanic outline that skirt the gentle sail from Panama to Acapulco and San Francisco! How endless the chain! how varied in its forms of likeness to itself, and what exquisite draperies of mist and smoke envelop and disclose its ever-shifting shapes; how dim the distance, how sharp the outline, how mild and soft the tints, how grand and solemn the masses, the silence, and the solitude! Ah! the voyage up this Pacific sea — its meek title so well deserved and so wondrously maintained — is, by the beauty of contrast, a fitting preparation for the bustle and stir, the teeming life and enterprise in which the voyage ends. It at least smooths out the mind, with its vast repose, and the weight of its grand yet mild masses of sea and land, and with the quiet of that great starry heaven that broods so solemnly over all, for the new impressions awaiting it in this strange land, so peculiar in its history, its features, and its life. On the sensitive mind of Mr. KING, I can well understand the soothing, renewing influence of his voyage out, and how freshly he presented his plastic spirit with all the

simplicity of a first love, to the grand and beautiful forms of nature and life he met in this exceptional region. Hence the charm of his descriptions of the great features of California, which his popular letters home have made for the first time familiar. No one had really seen the Sierra Nevada, Mt. Shasta, the Yo Semite Valley, or the coast of Oregon and the region of Mt. Hood, until his fine eye saw and his cunning brain and hand depicted them. You will find the newspapers in which his portraitures of these sublime and charming scenes are found, carefully laid away in hundreds of New England homes, as permanent sources of delight. Had he lived another year, we should have had the pendent of his "White Hills" in an adequate picture of the Sierra Nevada, carefully finished by his own hand. It is to be hoped that the materials exist for at least some valuable approximation to this result under the editorship of a competent hand, although no skill could replace his own.

And this fine eye for nature, usually gained only by an exclusive devotion to her charms, was in Mr. KING united with an equally clear vision of men and things. In the best sense of the word, he was a man of the world, meeting his fellow beings on the plane of their every-day feelings and pursuits, seeing them as they are, entering into their moods, prejudices, opinions, and studying them with respectful and sincere curiosity and affection. He did not enter the world as a showman visits Africa or South America, to collect strange creatures wherewith to store his museum. He went as a man among men, feeling the profoundness of the likeness, and the superficial character of the differences among them. He had no absurd over-valuation of scholarship and culture, which no man esteemed more in itself, or thought less of when compared with original endowments and the great common gifts of reason, conscience, and affection. He knew full well that speech itself, his own sceptre though it was, and all the artifices of language and aesthetic taste, are trifles compared with the qualities of character, the power of will, the strength of sensibilities and affections, that find no outlet

in words, but are the secret springs and forces that animate the action, support the labor, and conquer the trials of life. Therefore he was a tender, hospitable, many-sided observer and student of his kind, respecting and loving all the various kinds and classes of men, valuing men not for what they were not, but for what they were; looking at them with reference to their position and circumstances, and knowing well that each and every form of life has its own advantages and offsets,—that over-study often times weakens observation, that reading becomes a substitute for thought, and that direct contact with nature, with common people, with hardship, and with one's own thoughts, the solitude of the mine, the ranche, or the sea, of the mechanic's bench or the ploughman's furrow, often produces a racy originality of thought, a rugged strength of character, and a heartiness of affection which are lacking among the more cultivated and refined. These genuine sympathies gave Mr. KING a ready access to his fellow-creatures, by at once disabusing them of shyness, pride, or jealousy. Without assumption, pretension, or superciliousness himself, free from the ear-marks that usually deform while advertising the book-worm or the professional man, he slipped into all hearts, as the coin of the land is current alike in city and village, on the exchange and in the mountain hut. One might almost think Providence had withheld a grand stature or striking physiognomy from him, to make him the less observed and the more observing, the less challenged as he passed the pickets and sentries of social life, and became the honest spy and legitimate reporter of human character in all its various phases. The only fault in his estimates of men, was in the exaggerated valuation he put upon the talents and qualities of his friends. And even this was rather a seeming than a real defect; for, generous as his speech was and liberal his interior affections, curbed as his tongue was in censure, I learned in a long intimacy with him to feel that he weighed his friends as nicely as he did other men,—gauged them by a precise and delicate standard, and was as little likely as any man in his practical judgment to rely

on men for qualities they did not possess. Shrewdness marked his strong, practical understanding. He took his own observations, had his own estimates, kept his own counsels, but was rarely mistaken in his appraisal of those he did not trust.

One of the most infallible accompaniments of wisdom, if not the essential condition of any real and profound knowledge of men, Mr. KING possessed in the rarest degree, — I mean *humor*. All that was odd, significant, piquant, amusing in the manners and conduct, the accent and speech of his fellow-creatures, stamped itself in the soft sympathy of his hospitable heart, and left its daguerreotype there in an endless gallery of characters, scenes, anecdotes, which the trained mimic, the finished comedian, the professional story-teller, could not exceed in variety, exactness, or verisimilitude. Into his lectures leaked a continual moisture from this perennial fountain of his daily experience; and every audience he saw, every place he visited, every lecture he gave, only supplied new materials and new stories for his all-observing and all-sympathising nature. His intimate knowledge of men in all stations of life, enabled him to bind up all he said in the home-spun of universal experience, and to fasten it to the hearts of his hearers by the thongs of familiar suggestion. It was this strange shrewdness and knowledge of common people and common things that enabled Mr. KING to maintain, ordinarily, a style so elevated and artificial in its dignity and richness, that it would have alarmed and repelled the common people, had it not opened here and there, to show the very flesh and blood of our common humanity beneath it. Thus commended and justified, it became, perhaps, his chief charm, — that style, stiff with ornament, with learned reference and poetical allusion, true cloth of gold, but worn so gracefully that all its jewelled garniture seemed only the natural garb for so florid and affluent a nature. Who that had the gratification of his familiar intercourse, — not denied to any who sought it, (for he was as open as the day to approach, and as lavish as the sun in his mental hospitality,) — can forget the ceaseless charm of his

social conversation, so full of quips and sentences, of apt quotation, of illustrative anecdote, of opulent exaggeration and good-natured banter, of wit as sharp as though all its poison had not been extracted, and laughter as boisterous and sidesplitting as though innocence and truth and tender regard for every personal and public obligation had not strained out of it every atom of impurity, of cruelty, of injustice, and irreverence? Oh, how can I forget the evenings passed in the society of his most familiar friends in Boston, with HEDGE, and BARTOL, and FIELDS, and WHIPPLE, and ALGER, — oftenest at the house, of all in the world, after his own, most frequently visited and most tenderly and gratefully cherished in his memory, that of his friend and mine, Dr. BARTOL, the poet, philosopher, and divine, whose rare public discourses are every day surpassed by the splendor of his ordinary conversation, and whose open heart, and mind, and hand, and door, have made his house the most familiar home of genius, worth, and wit in all New England; — how, I say, can I forget the evenings passed with Mr. KING and his friends, under that dear and never-to-be-forgotten roof, where religion, philosophy, science, the affairs and questions of the day, the character of leading men, were discussed with serious earnestness and warm antagonisms of opinion, but with perfect mutual confidence and affection, but where at least half the time was spent in the interchange of sallies of wit and humor, in the detail of experiences, and the recounting of incidents and observations collected since we had last been together! I need not to say that in this medley of sense and nonsense, earnest and fun, Mr. KING bore his part with equal vigor and success in either branch, and in the department of anecdote and humor, excelled all by a distance too great to be measured. He was, in short, the best story-teller of his time; and while you seldom got anything from him that you could have recognized in the original, had you been then present, the change was only that legitimate one by which genius transmutes into precious stuffs, the fabrics that continue mean and coarse in common hands. For of that faculty of

exaggeration which has been called the most original trait of American humor, a faculty by which every thing is placed under a magnifying glass of enormous power, until the pores of the skin become like volcanic craters, and the hairs of the head like the cordage of a man-of-war, Mr. KING had a constitutional excess, which overflowed into his serious style, luxuriated in his private letters, revelled in his ordinary conversation, and without which his very identity would have been lost. It was, however, as little to be confounded with carelessness of statement or falsification of fact, as the rendering of the microscope, which exaggerates without confusing or misleading, and merely enables the observer to see what the naked eye would not be able to take in. Mr. KING was the very reverse of an exaggerator, in the sense of intellectual truthfulness and veracity. He was precise, punctilious, and wholly and exactly reliable in what he said, never permitting his vein of humor or fun to be mistaken, and knowing exactly when he *was* taken, and when he *meant* to be taken in pure earnest and with literal precision. Accordingly few men have been so little misunderstood, have given so little offence to their foes, or been called upon so seldom to explain away their statements, or to correct them. Whether in the pulpit or the lecture-room, his assertions were guarded, well considered, and meant to be taken just as they sounded, and to be stoutly maintained. There was accordingly an identity and oneness of effect about Mr. KING, in public and private, at home and abroad, in youth and maturity, which it is a rare felicity to present, and which gives him a persistent continuity and depth of impression which less clear and consistent natures and characters cannot acquire.

Far down beneath all these intellectual and social qualities and manifestations lived the man himself,—that powerful personality, to whom his talents and acquirements were but as tools to the workman. It was the hidden, interior man of the heart, the invisible character behind all the rich possessions, intellectual and social, of this gifted man, that gave him his real power and skill to control the wills, and to move

the hearts, and to win the abounding confidence and affection of his fellow beings. This hidden man seemed composed of equal parts of rectitude, or the sense and love of justice,—of humanity, or the love of his race, individually and collectively,—and of aspiration, or the love and thirst for excellence; and these all met in a powerful, elastic, irrepressible will, which moved so gracefully and habitually, with so little strain or contortion, that it excited no sense of effort, and almost concealed its own existence. By this high endowment of will, a personality as clear, well cut, and splendid as the finest diamond in the Mogul's crown, animated by such high and pure moral instincts and aspirations, Mr. KING was seemingly saved, through the sacred force that projected him into the world, from the usual struggles and conflicts by which most men achieve a distinct and emphatic personality, and finally come under the dominion of their higher nature. He seemed originally subdued to the yoke of duty,—a native saint in the purity and singleness of his purposes. His arrow was held to the string, and directed by the Divine Hand, whose bow sped him on his errand, and its point never diverged, never returned to the source for a fresh impulse or a new aim. He was one of the few persons I have chanced to know, whose character made an identical and an equal impression from the first to the last. Like Samuel, sanctified from the womb, he began, continued, and ended a spotless career, and one marked continually by the same aims and means. I will not say that this is the very highest, and ultimately the strongest and broadest form of nature; for the soils that need the deepest ploughing, and require and bear the richest dressing, often bring forth fruits at last whose flavor and soundness are beyond those of any spontaneous clime or field. But if our Lord's own example is a fit one to instance, in any purely human comparison, we may allege him as one who proved that the ordinary concessions, humiliations, errors, and mistakes of men, are not essential to such perfection as crowned a life of which it equally formed the foundation and the fabric.

The absence of any openness to ordinary temptations, bodily or moral,—the freedom from follies and foibles, from presumptuous faults and secret sins, specially distinguished our beloved friend. Doubtless he had his own consciousness of imperfection and of sin—for he was human; but I have yet to know and yet to hear the first suggestion of what his faults and errors were. Any approach to criticism was usually a complaint of the excess of his virtues. While other men's vices are sometimes seen to lean to virtue's side, his virtues, in their luxuriance, may have run over into the region where vice is often found. He was *too* liberal, *too* generous, *too* lenient, *too* hopeful, *too* fond of his friends; *too* forgetful of himself. Oh, blessed the man whose censors can find only the superlativeness of his excellencies to blame,—whose only faults are, that he is too like the bounty of that Being who makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends his rain upon the just and the unjust!

Of course these admirable native qualities were from earliest youth nursed in the Church of Jesus Christ, into which, in right of Christian parents—his father being an honored minister of religion—he was born and nurtured, and within which he grew and lived as in his native climate. For this was the truth with our friend. His Christianity was his original bent and inclination, to which his nature made no resistance; so that natural and revealed religion, the light of nature and the gospel, were with him never separated, except in theory, and worked in him with unimpeded force and undivided sway. He studied the history and evidences of the Christian Religion, understood the difficulties and doubts that perplex other minds, sounded the miracle question, and was a supernaturalist by intellectual and spiritual inclination and conviction; but his faith in the Gospel needed no such support and gained no strength from any such researches. Christ's life and teachings, his doctrines and character and fate, all found a natural belief and welcome in his soul, which made his piety wondrously natural, unaffected, genuine, and simple, and accounted for the thoroughly practical union that

existed between his life and his faith, his ordinary doings and his religious convictions.

Of the cheerful, sunny temper, the uniform urbanity and social sweetness of Mr. KING, you have yourselves been constant witnesses. His presence was a cordial,—his influence a trade-wind, blowing from spicy and fragrant shores, constant in its direction, and lending itself to every lawful and honest venture. You could count on his humor as you count on the clear and constant skies of your own matchless climate in its rainless months. His nature was a temperate zone, favorable to every growth, in which all the seasons were mixed in a Summer that had the freshness of Spring and the largess of Autumn, and lacked only the Winter's sterility and cold. How warm, how buoyant that generous heart! To whom, as to that busy man absorbed in public affairs and wide concerns, could you carry a personal interest, a private project, a scheme for assisting an unfortunate family, or a request for counsel and aid in a case of pressing distress, with such certainty of a patient hearing, a prompt suggestion, a practical coöperation. At home, I venture to say, more young ministers went to him for sympathy and advice in their parish difficulties, than to any clergyman of his age. More depressed and broken-spirited men of letters found in him a cordial sympathiser and assistant; more foreigners, teachers of languages, young artists, poetasters, and aspirants for opportunities in the lecture-room; more widows and orphans, and poor, ignorant and vicious creatures from the prison and the work-house, sought his bright, hopeful, open-hearted and open-handed presence, and found substantial aid and inspiration, encouragement and countenance, than were accessible to them at any other single door.

The number of his personal friends was immense. Scarcely a village where some one could not boast his familiar acquaintance. The news of his death came home to thousands as a personal bereavement; and if one could see the number, kind, and degree of sincere mourners, who in spirit followed his precious ashes to their resting-place, it would be found a

procession including all classes and conditions of life and character, in all the States of the Union, and in which every individual in it would have his own special and personal reason for being afflicted. For here was one, who by his mingled goodness, genius, and sympathetic quality, had become the ideal of a million hearts, the pride and darling of their souls. No voice so charming, no presence so exhilarating and tonic, no knighthood so chivalric! And this admiration had no drawback; for this man's talents were consecrated to virtue and piety. If he sparkled, it was as a star in the firmament of heaven; if he carried away the multitude with the fascinations of his wit and fancy, he carried them beside the still waters and into the green pastures. Literature, in him, was the beautiful garment of praise; rhetoric, not the crackling of thorns under a pot, but the burning of gums and spices in the censer of worship. To have the best gifts of the orator and the scholar, in the affluence, variety, and freedom usually found only in the arenas where place, fame, pleasure or applause is sought, devoted to unselfish, humane, and sacred objects, pleading the cause of the nation, the woes and wrongs of the slave, or the claims of God and his Christ,—this was a combination rare enough to account for the extraordinary interest, enthusiasm, and confidence of which our beloved friend was the object. And how did he receive this intoxicating tribute? Have you ever seen laurels worn more modestly,—a crown resting on humbler brows? And his humility was not professional, the meekness of clerical decorum, the pride that apes humility. He had the unconsciousness which belongs to a beautiful child that knows not and values not the admiration he excites. “Is that STARR KING!” was the surprised expression of almost every one who saw him for the first time, and looked for the port and bearing of the successful and applauded orator, to find only the most natural, unspoiled, and simple carriage and deportment. In our public conventions, before he came here, he could oftenest be found hovering on the outskirts, taking no prominent part, and seldom lifting his voice in extempore

debate, but the keenest observer and enjoyer of every good and bright thing said by his brethren.

Such was THOMAS STARR KING at the end of his ten years' brilliant career in Boston, as the minister of Hollis Street Church, and as the favorite of the lecture-room of the Atlantic States.

What he has been since — what your love and favor have made him, combining with the great and quickening opportunities of this new and exceptional position, and the exactions and privileges of these great national times — you know even better than I. Let me say at once, that I doubt if any possible conjuncture of circumstances at home could have developed in him the great qualities and astonishing results of labor and usefulness which his four short years have exhibited in California. His habits of deference to his seniors, the usages and customs of our clerical life at home, the crowded pathways of philanthropy and patriotism, and his own strictly literary and ministerial life, gave no promise, when he left us, of his turning out a commanding man of affairs, a statesman in his views and efforts, a shaper and controller of large public plans. He was one of the very last men we should have thought of to spring to the helm in a time of public danger, to seize the trumpet and the sword, and assume command. He did not reveal himself to us as a man of action, a responsible leader of public opinion, and a guide of practical affairs. He had then little practice as an *extempore* speaker, and was looked to for brilliant speech only when carefully prepared. Moreover, he had not earned a name for wisdom and weight of judgment; — not that he was ever thought deficient in either, — but his years and his career had not then warranted that highest kind of confidence. Nor was he sent to California because he was known or thought to possess in the largest measure that kind of excellency. It was rightly deemed that he had qualities specially fitted to charm and interest, to influence and bless this community, but they were the gifts of eloquence, of personal magnetism and reliable character, which I have at such length described. Had he possessed nothing

else, his mission would have been a victorious and a blessed one. But Providence predestined him to find here a sphere which called forth and matured powers, unknown, I suspect, even to himself, and certainly far beyond any suspicion of his best and most admiring friends at home.

It may well be asked how Mr. KING, so successful and beloved and admired in his own sphere, was induced to leave his prosperous and happy home, and come to California, — a place four years ago not known as it is now, thanks, in no small part, to his own influence and pen. He was the center of a charming literary circle, whose society was most precious to his cultivated mind. He had kindred of his own and of his wife's, who seemed to share equally his love and protection. But he had already become conscious that the strain on his powers was more than he could bear. His double profession, as preacher and lecturer, exacted more from his always delicate physique than it could any longer safely supply. His personal popularity and the social attentions he received, drained still more his quick and lavish nature, always willing to do its capable part in the entertainment of all companies. His uneasiness about his health was known to many of his choice friends, and they were continually proposing some change by which he could economize his strength. A change of climates and pulpits, it was thought, would enable him to use the careful materials he had accumulated in his ten years' preaching at Hollis Street, and so rest his weary brain. Above all, he needed a support, which he would not receive from Hollis Street — well knowing that it would be burdensome there — by which he could be relieved from the necessity of incessant lecturing — the labors and discomforts of which no one can appreciate who has not traveled all day for a week, to lecture every night at some post three hundred miles removed from the last, to eat unwonted food, and every night to sleep in a strange bed. Mr. KING made this work more laborious than it needed to be, by the thoroughness, the length, the splendor of his efforts, and by the large amount of social entertainment he every where threw into the homes of his hosts

after his lectures were over. Accordingly, every vacant pulpit in a conspicuous city or town began to lay its plans for securing Mr. KING's services. Brooklyn, Chicago, Cincinnati, were conspicuous among them, and I was unfortunately retained in the interest of each. At last the competition was reduced to Cincinnati and San Francisco. My own feelings were divided between the two for some time, particularly because of the vicinity of Cincinnati to Antioch College, which had drawn largely on my sympathies and exertions, and upon which Mr. KING, if he went to Cincinnati, would, it was thought, have a very propitious and sustaining influence.

In a letter dated Boston, December 2, 1859, Mr. KING writes me,—"I have just finished the reading of the cubic yard or "so of documents from San Francisco, which you have sent to "me. They are very clear and strong, and I must acknowledge "that they impress me seriously. I do desire to be in a posi- "tion where my labor would be of greater worth to the gener- "al cause than it can be in Boston, and where, too, I could be "relieved from the detestable vagrancy imposed by my pres- "ent necessity of lecturing. If my own feeling simply were "to decide the case, I should not hesitate an hour in saying "yes, to California. From the first, that has seemed to me "more like the Providential call than any position nearer "home."

Later, on the 26th of December, 1859, he writes me from Boston:—"When under pressure, I feel the claims of Cin- "cinnati; when alone, so that the attractions of the two "posts play unobstructed, I find San Francisco the stronger "body. Drs. PUTNAM, PEABODY, HEYWOOD, HILL, LIVERMORE, "the brethren in Cincinnati, and lastly and strongest, you, "have endorsed the call from the Queen City with very urgent "and wise appeals. If I still feel in the core of the heart an "impulse to the more distant region, must I not take it as the "Providential intimation? * * * I think I shall "send in my resignation next week to the society here. It "will tear my inward cords as nothing in life has yet. But I

“do think that we are unfaithful in huddling so closely around
 “the cozy stove of civilization in this blessed city, and I am
 “ready to go out into the cold and see if I am good for any
 “thing. I grieve intensely over the probable disappointment
 “of the Cincinnati brethren. Pecuniarily I think their call is
 “better than San Francisco; and they offer to let me go to
 “Europe, too, which I must now postpone indefinitely. But I
 “do not feel strong enough for the work they need, and I can-
 “not but feel that San Francisco is the more crying call.”

On Jan. 2, 1860, he writes me: “To-morrow I send word to
 “San Francisco that they can have what is left of me for two
 “years. I shall leave the 5th April or 5th March,—probably
 “on the 5th April. This morning, with a sad pen, I sent the
 “final word to Mr. HOSEA, in Cincinnati. Were I twice as
 “strong, that would be my true post. So you see I give you
 “the facts as soon as they are crystalized. I devoutly hope
 “that I have not made a mistake, and that by consecrated la-
 “bor in California, I may be of service to the good cause and
 “the brethren.” He signs this letter,—“Your friend of the
 “San Franciscan order now,—T. S. K.”

And so Mr. KING tore himself away from Boston and the
 great field of his successes and the large constituency he had
 gained, and gave himself to you. We gave him a parting
 public breakfast in New York, truly elegant in its character
 and arrangements, and which he felt was the highest compli-
 ment he had ever received; and then with blessings, regrets,
 prayers, tears, and hopes, we committed him and his family
 to the long voyage, the care of the good Providence, and the
 welcome of your then untried and unknown hearts.

What his work has been here, the long and discriminating
 accounts with which your papers, secular and religious, were
 filled during the week following his sudden and lamented
 decease, show that every body in this community fully ap-
 preciates. Never was a man of his station and age, after so
 short a residence in a city and State, so nobly and fully esti-
 mated by it. His friends at the East, high and generous as
 their appreciation of him was, felt their valuation not only

greatly surpassed, but wonderfully justified by the discriminating tributes to his services and his memory rendered by the whole Pacific coast. For it was not the vague and imponderable service of an admired public speaker, a brilliant lecturer, or even a popular minister, that you praised,—but the substantial work of an impassioned and devoted patriot, a guide and leader of men at a critical period in the history of a great State and a vast Country; it was the work of a man of the highest executive ability, who had aided in planning and carrying out a scheme of gigantic beneficence, requiring tact, address, timeliness, patience, and persistent labor; it was the work of a fore-seeing citizen, whose public spirit led him to study the coming wants of a new and forming community,—to lay down the foundation-stones of her educational and charitable institutions,—to aid in every enterprise which promised to promote order, enlightenment, justice, loyalty, and Religion. It was in this competency to grapple with large difficulties in public opinion,—to breast opposition,—to wrestle with the powers of evil, of disloyalty, and selfish ambition,—to fling himself into the breach with uncalculating devotion, and sound the alarm, at any peril to his own ease or safety, that Mr. KING astonished his friends, and towered high above himself as we had known him. The young DAVID was transfigured into SAUL, a head and shoulders above all his companions. Looked at from our distant point of view, every mail that told us of his labors seemed to add an inch to his stature, until he had become an object of enthusiastic wonder to his brethren. His influence and popularity at home had actually grown with his absence. His labors and successes here, animated the hopes and efforts of our young preachers, and corrected their disposition to stay at home, and inspired them with enterprise and missionary zeal. His name was found even oftener than before in our secular and religious papers, while every line from his pen went the rounds of the press. At every public gathering of our denomination, some letter, message, telegram from Mr. KING flashed enthusiasm, mingled with love and gratitude,

through the assembly ; while his few private correspondents carried his letters about, to gratify their own pride and the fond solicitude of others to get the latest and fullest accounts of the young apostle of civil and religious liberty, — loved even more than he was admired.

We could not but think it an exaggeration when his friends here wrote us that California owed her splendid loyalty to the Union more to his eloquent expostulation and enthusiastic leadership than to any other single cause. But his private letters, while modestly avoiding any mention of his own noble part, burned with too intense a light of patriotism not to prove that his soul was more a-fire with the love of country than was safe for his bodily frame. No doubt his absence from the active scenes of the strife, his inability to take a direct part in the struggle, concentrated his emotions and heated his soul to a divine madness. He burned with a soldier's martial ardor. He threw himself upon the altar of his suffering country, with the passionate fervor with which the Hindoo widow flings herself on the funeral pyre of a beloved husband. He could not do enough to testify the pride, the love, the devotion of his soul to American principles, and the flag and the Union that represent them. If there ever was an American, Mr. KING deserves the name. Every drop of his blood was democratic, red with the fire of liberty, and orb'd with the light of faith in the people's right to knowledge, independence, and self-government. He had sprung from the people, he had moved among them and been their teacher and their idol. He knew their capacity for the highest thoughts, their generous aspirations and sympathies, by the cordiality with which they had received his own ever-faithful, ever-free, and ever-progressive ideas and sentiments. That such a people as he had known and loved, and been accepted by and loved in turn, should fall into disintegration, abandon their proud future, tear their flag into pieces and see its glorious constellation scattered and dissolved, was what his patriotic heart could not brook. Sooner, a thousand times sooner would he die, than live a minute the citizen of a divi-

ded country. "I had rather die next year than be sick this," was his magnanimous expression, as he contemplated the value of every day's labor to our national cause, during the critical months of its mighty struggle. I verily believe he had made up his mind to die sooner than abate his exertions one jot or tittle. He wrote me that he could not contemplate any rest for himself till after the next Presidential canvass had been successfully carried in the interests of liberty and Union. If "France" according to his own prophecy, could be found written legibly on the dead heart of the great Napoleon, how much more pure was the hand-writing in which "Our Country" was inscribed on the naked, bleeding heart of her young martyr? For, if he had fallen, sword in hand, on the ramparts of Wagner, or died as the generous and brave BAKER died on the shores of the treacherous Potomac, he could not more truly have given his blood to his country. When California makes up her jewels, at the end of this war, and counts the noble, gracious, and generous things she has given to God and liberty, humanity and union, will she not place first among them all the life of her chief pride and ornament, the mouth-piece of her eloquence, the historian of her scenery, the exponent of her coming greatness, the bond between her and the literature, culture, the philanthropy, and Christian liberty of the Atlantic States, THOMAS STARR KING?

Of Mr. KING's labors in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission, personal considerations forbid me almost equally either to speak or to be silent. But justice to him compels me, on the whole, to do some violence to my own disinclination to a theme which touches so closely my own personality, rather than fall one line short of my duty to his precious memory.

You have seen, in the affectionate frankness with which I have told this story of a life, how providentially and peculiarly Mr. KING's history and my own have been identified; how, at the most critical points in our several careers, we have been brought into mutual dependence and means of action, All

that had gone before seemed only a preparation for what was to come after, in our friendship and disposition to coöperate with each other. When, in the first months of the war, I was led by a most propitious Providence to inaugurate the United States Sanitary Commission — that act in my life by which I am most likely to be remembered, and my only chance for a small place in the history of my country — although I had large and glowing hopes of that majestic institution whereto the little seed should grow, they were miserably short of the sublime reality which the patriotic ardor of the women and the men of America has reared on the foundations thus humbly but hopefully laid for them. But among all the hopes of pecuniary and moral support cherished in my heart, not one was planted in the soil which ultimately turned out the chief source of its nourishment and growth. California, at that time of uncertain loyalty, little interested, as many foolishly reasoned, in the great struggle or its result, yearning for private independence or a Pacific Republic, was the very last place to which our sick and wounded soldiers could turn for aid and comfort. The victim of internal dissensions and low politicians, torn with questions we did not understand, how could we hope the cries of our sick or the open mouths of their pleading wounds could be heard across the vast deserts or the double ocean that divided us from her shores? When, then, the astonishing tidings came that Saul was among the Prophets, that California proposed to raise a hundred thousand dollars for the sick and wounded soldiers, it thrilled all patriotic hearts with new confidence and delighted surprise! More even than the humanity it signalized, was the devotion to country and union that thus found expression. Wall Street herself was more affected by that first hundred thousand dollars than by any million, aye, than by any ten millions that could have been reported at her stock-board. For it gave intimation of a fact wholly unknown and unsurmised, — a fact of masterly importance and determining significance, — that the most distant parts of the Republic, and those that had reaped least advantages from the Flag and the Union, were un-

mistakably, spontaneously, irresistibly demonstrating their attachment to both. Traitors at home shook in their shoes at the loyal gleam in California's distant eye. As goes San Francisco so goes the State of California, they said ; and as goes California so goes the Pacific Coast ; and if the Pacific Coast goes right, surely enough of the nearer States of this Union will not fail to keep faith with their Government and their Constitution.

But what should be done with this hundred thousand dollars for the sick and wounded soldiers? I cannot conceal from myself, nor from you, my full conviction, that while the moral effect was already secured by raising it, the direct and practical benefit of so large and generous an effort to the sick and wounded themselves would have been almost entirely lost, if the most obvious and natural course had been taken in the distribution and use of the fund. How easy and how pleasant the course of dividing up this large amount into sums of ten or twenty thousand dollars, and distributing it in various parts of the United States among the local or State institutions, each interesting, for personal reasons, to the different citizens of this State, representing so many sections of our common country! Had this course been taken, it would have annulled the effort making at home to centralize and nationalize the humanity and beneficence of the American people in a common and a systematic effort, tending to neutralize the sectional and local jealousies of the country, and to hold together, by new bonds and a community of effort, the scattered and divided hearts of our fellow-citizens. But had not Mr. KING been here, had he not been personally acquainted in the most intimate manner with the founder of the United States Sanitary Commission, and by reputation and character with the men with whom he had surrounded himself in this great undertaking, assuredly the United States Sanitary Commission would not have been selected as the sole almoner of California's bounty. That selection, brought about by Mr. KING, not without the providential sympathy of dear old friends who lived here, who had formerly been my own cherished parishioners in New York, at once settled the

success of the Commission at home. For, struggling as it did at its birth with a hundred local and sectional enterprises, seeking similar ends by totally different, even antagonistic means, it was quite uncertain if it would be able so far to overcome all sorts of local, denominational, and party jealousies, as to firmly assume the position and deserve the title of *the United States Sanitary Commission*. Your first hundred thousand dollars settled that question. It enabled us at once to grasp our enterprise with a fearless hand,—to stretch our plans to the compass of our original conceptions,—to challenge rivalry, and to conduct our enterprise on great general principles, without regard to the criticisms of ignorance and the barkings of jealousy. Nay, more, it stimulated friends at home to a generosity kindred with your own, and it inflamed your own pride to outdo yourselves. You saw the golden apple you had flung into the lap of mercy shining in the eyes of a nation. You burned with a fever of desire to see it matched by other glittering fellows. The more you gave, the more willing you were to give; for you were funding your beneficence at one bank, and the larger the account, the more did it redound to the glory and illustrate the humane patriotism of your new, but now profoundly appreciated State. The infection spread along your whole coast, and into the new States and Territories of the Pacific, until hardly a hamlet was left that had not entered itself a benefactor in the books of the Sanitary Commission, and written down its immortal claim to the gratitude and confidence of the homes whence had gone forth the soldiers whose sickness and wounds the whole Pacific Coasts were solacing at a distance of thousands of miles from the noble martyrs of our liberty. I verily believe that your coast has made itself felt in this struggle, through its adoption of the Sanitary Commission, in a way not open to it in any other direction. And I make bold to say, that if the Sanitary Commission has owed the largeness of its life and operations to you, when History makes up the record of this war you will not be ashamed of your foster-child, but acknowledge that it did as much for you as you did

for it. California is inseparably identified with the Sanitary Commission. She has poured a million of her treasure into it: with that million, the Commission has amassed and distributed eight millions more of sanitary stores and supplies, and established a system wide as the army is in its breadth and length, embracing both its far-spread wings, and reaching from its beak in Texas to its rearward plumes on the Potomac and in distant Kansas. The reputation of that Commission, now even greater abroad than at home, is a part of your own glory. As the first successful attempt ever made systematically to unite the spontaneous beneficence of the people cordially and permanently with the governmental provisions for the cure and relief of our soldiers, sickening or wounded, it is likely to have a permanent place in the history of human progress, — a place you may well claim to have had the largest share in giving to the Commission. You know, even better than I, what part Mr. KING had in guiding you to this association with us; and I should fail, in justice to my own convictions, my gratitude, my affections, and to my obligations to California, if I did not weave into this memorial a record of my dear brother's shaping and laborious efforts, ceasing only with his life, in behalf of the Sanitary Commission. How he went up and down your coast, pleading this cause; how he electrified and carried captive, in the train of its charity, the noble, generous hearts of San Francisco; how he had proposed to himself another tour through California this very month, I think, in behalf of its prospective wants, — is well known to you all. Never shall I cease to believe that a special Providence laid the long train of connections, and bound together the links of the chain, in which his heart and mine were inextricably knit — which ended in fastening together the fortunes of the Sanitary Commission and the golden wealth and more golden fame of California, in the great war which is predestined to re-create America, and to change the destinies of mankind! Thank God for so precious a conviction!

Of the part which Mr. KING has had in the prospects of

liberal Christianity in this city, State, and whole region, I can speak in this place with perfect freedom, and rejoice that I am not compelled to speak as a sectarian or denominationalist. Mr. KING's ideas of Christianity were so broad and catholic as to include the interests of all sects and names. He did not come among you to controvert the opinions of other earnest Christians,—to show how false or useless were the creeds or the labors of other denominations. He knew how imperfect a vehicle of thought and feeling language is, in the best hands, and how impossible it is in any words, to convey the whole meaning of that infinite truth treasured in the gospel of Christ; that all creeds are but temporary and approximate efforts to say better or more clearly what cannot be fully said by any and all, and what, accordingly, Christ himself, who spake as man never spake, was compelled to express in a life and a death that had the eloquence and the depth of meaning it were vain to put into terms. Christ was the Word himself, compared with which all words are vain and meaningless. So far as the symbols and creeds of men win the hearts of mankind to Christ himself,—make men sit at his feet, or look into his face, or imbibe his spirit, or enjoy the fellowship and communion of his love, it matters not by what names or expressions, theological or ecclesiastical, they effect this union or attempt to express this union with him, more than the theories and nomenclature of astronomers in respect of the sun affect the warmth of his beams or the life of the plants that grow in his rays. To preach this universal gospel, all-embracing in its sympathies and its symbols, true to its own generous ideals, its own rational and divine simplicity, yet possessing unaffected sympathies with all humble and sincere efforts made in any form to raise men up in their moral and spiritual stature through the name of Christianity, was the deep joy and precious privilege of our departed friend. How true he was to his antecedents, how large and liberal in his theology, how willing to bear any cross or imputation on account of an unpopular name, you will all testify. Nobody ever suspected him of catering for

a confidence he had no honest claim to,—of attempting to please those with whom he differed by compromising his inward convictions. But happily, his most inward convictions were all such as could not fail to win the cordial esteem and fellowship of all not besotted by bigotry and eaten up by fanaticism. And accordingly we find him enjoying a breadth of influence and a kind of coöperation among the Christian people of this State most honorable to them and most significant of the wisdom and the width of his own spirit and teachings.

I cannot doubt that the beauty of his disinterested and devoted life, so free from sanctimony and pretence, yet so rooted in principle and piety, gave thousands on these coasts their first pleasant and affecting view of religion,—recommended Christianity to hundreds who would have spurned it in any less large and generous shape, or with a less convincing illustration.

I need not say how difficult it is, in the murky atmosphere of a new country, settled by quick spirits drawn together by pecuniary enterprise, and inflamed by such special hopes, risks, and prizes as belong to your coast, to keep religious truths above the horizon and in the clear view of busy, competitive, and preoccupied men. Even the most rational and self-recommending views fail to arrest attention, unless urged by lips of the most persuasive eloquence, and enforced by a personality and a character essentially winning and commanding. I cannot conceive a man whose genius, temperament, and special qualities should be more exquisitely adapted to the place, the work, the time, and the circumstances, than were Mr. KING'S. New countries and populations partake the spirit and wants that marked the original beginnings of society. As poetry is older than prose, and the first and most venerable records of history are steeped in the boldest imagination, so new communities almost independently of the character of the people who form them, crave an opulent rhetoric, an oriental style of speech, and open their ears readily only to the poet and prophet united in one person.

Especially must religion come to them in her primitive garb of symbolic beauty and figurative suggestion. I am among those who think the decay of the imagination one of the principal reasons of modern skepticism and of the thin and prosaic theology which has lost all hold upon the hearts of men. In proportion as men retain the poetry of their souls, does the Bible, in both its great testaments, hold fast their faith and allegiance, and Christianity, with its profound and blessed mysteries keep their reverence and trust. When our liberal Christianity finds interpreters out of whom the sacred poetry of our nature has not died, it commends itself at once to those who yearn to unite rationality with earnest emotion and mystic faith,—who desire to be delivered from the dominion of what is opposed to reason, but never to lose the charm and attraction of what is merely *beyond* reason. Mr. KING was such a teacher. He did not substitute ethics and mere human morality for religion,—that sacred bond that unites us with the unseen universe and the power of the world to come. He waded not in the shallows of this mortal coast, but boldly struck out into the boundless ocean of divine truth, sailing by faith and not by sight — Christ his pilot and his north star, and Heaven his haven — knowing well that the open ocean, after the headlands are all lost and only the stars and the sea remain, is a safer pathway for the navigator than the neighborhood of the most friendly shore.

Upon this precious food, the true bread that came down from Heaven, has the good Shepherd, through the pastor he raised up for you, fed you these four years past. How much reason have you to say : “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” This beautiful temple, built under the inspiration of the beauty-loving soul of him who sought to enshrine the loving and lovely faith he represented here, in the most attractive and expressive habitation that men’s hands could build ;—this beautiful and grand temple — its chief charm his own sacred ashes—is but the poorest part of the work he did among you. What though he has gathered this great congregation, unlocked a thousand hands, and taken the

willing contribution of their hearts, to strengthen the outward walls of your Zion,—what though his magic lifted debt from your finances, and made you brave and able to work miracles of beneficence and to achieve, in less than one life-time, the victory that is commonly the result of the accumulated efforts of successive generations,—what though he has given our denomination here a first place in influence and importance, and in the external insignia of dignity and weight ;—what is all this, compared with the temple he has built in the heart of this community,—the souls he has emancipated from the dominion of lucre and sin—the glimpses of a true Heaven he has shot into benighted hearts—the faith in God inspired by his godliness, in man by his manhood—the consolation he has communicated to the sick, the bereaved, and the dying,—and the example and illustration he has given of the Christian character and life? Long after this substantial temple is ground to powder and mingled with the sands which it supplanted, his work will remain inscribed on hearts that sing God's glory and Christ's praises in heaven.

Ah, those four years of Christian service among you! When was ever so much done in so short a time by a single man? Four years, his administration! and what a presidential term it was! How all the experiences and accomplishments of his laborious life, came as into the brief rich Autumn days of his harvest time, glorious with beauty and large abundance,—sufficient to furnish not only the immediate, but the long future wants of his people. You cannot measure labors like his by quantity. It is their *quality* that can alone truly indicate their worth. A single spark of fire is worth a wilderness of wood to men dying of cold. Time is no meter of efforts as immortal as his. He gave you himself, his heart and soul,—he gave you his life! You had him all,—all that his scholarly, brilliant, distinguished, laborious career had made him. He brought his root and his leafy branches here, to bloom for the first time in all the beauty of his nature in your genial soil. And when he had thus fully flowered and shed his whole fragrance upon you, he suddenly closed the

petals of his sensitive soul to your aching view, that he might open them to God, who, enamored of his beauty, plucked the flower and transferred it to his own more immediate garden.

And what a passing on it was! Nothing became our brother like his dying. All the tender, affecting incidents of that sacred scene, the gentle hand of his own and my own long-tried friend, Mr. SWAIN, the privileged witness of his victory over death, the envied companion of those holy and commemorable hours in which our beloved friend girded himself for the last journey, has depicted in words luminous with the light of the spirit they describe. They are written ineffaceably upon the palpitating heart,—I will not call it the memory—of every one of my hearers.

What courage, composure, and faith! what freedom from heated visions and feverish dreams; what thoughtfulness of others; what practical wisdom and presence of mind; what fidelity to all he had been saying as a Christian teacher, and doing as a Christian man! No regrets, and no misgivings; no hesitation, and no fear! He that had so much to leave, had still more to expect; he that had so much to live for, had still more to die for! Evidently he felt that his work was done, his life complete, and that he was ready to be offered. With Paul, had not his modesty forbade the application of apostolic language to himself, he might have truly said: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Rest, dear saint! rest in the bosom of that earth thou didst so much to make a more worthy residence for thy fellow-creatures! Rest in the virgin soil of that State thou so largely kept loyal to thy country, and which adopts thee as an only son! Rest in the midst of this city that knew the whole force of thy manhood, and enjoyed the last, completed labors of thy generous spirit! Rest in the midst of the loving friends whose worship thou hast guided and whose character and faith thou hast formed! Rest beneath this roof, unconsciously lifted by thy courage and faith, for thy own sepul-

chre and monument, and where thou seemest to realize thy dying words: "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Rest in the bosom of that God to whose loving arms thy whole life was ever leading thy flock, and in the embrace of that Saviour whose gentle ministry thou so worthily didst imitate!

We would not call thee back. The golden bowl, that so often ached with the tasks thou wouldst not spare it, is broken; but the soul that animated that weary brain is already clothed in a body that cannot tire! The silver cord thou didst stretch so far is snapped; but angels have strung this harp with strings that thy free hand may smite with unsparing vigor, and strain with fearless strength. The pitcher is broken at the fountain!—but thou art forever at the fountain, and canst drink freely of the waters of life, without need of any earthly vessel wherewith to draw.

Oh! how have I yearned once more to see thee in the flesh; to look once again into that gray eye, the open door of thy soul; to press once more the hand that ever held thy heart in it, and hear the ring of that joyous, inspiring voice; to tell thee how doubly dear thou hadst grown in thy absence; to lay the offerings of thy brethren's gratitude and affection at thy feet, to bring thee the thanks and blessings of the hospitals and the ranks; to communicate the praises of men in authority, the governors, the counsellors, the patriots, the poets, scholars, friends, and lovers of thy old home—to live over the campaigns we have fought together, our spirits side by side, though our bodies were apart,—to look through thy eyes on this fair land, and under thy guidance search out its beauties and wonders; to make friends of thy friends, with thine own introduction, and renew the blessed hours of an old communion,—the fellowship of friends, the communion of saints! But that would have been too much. Such rare and perfect joys are reserved for Heaven. There, with God's blessing, may I hope to meet thee. Till then, Apostle of Liberty and Right, Minister of Christ and Servant of God, friend, lover, martyr,—FAREWELL!



